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WASHINGTON'S ENGLISH ANCESTRY. Mr. Waters Thinks He Has Established It Beyond Doubt. Boston Letter in New York Sun.

Anglo-maniacs will rejoice to know that George Washington was, after all, a full-blooded Englishman. The controversy among genealogists, which has been going on for the past twenty years, in regard to Washington's pedigree, has been ended by Mr. Henry F. Waters, who, a few years ago, established the antecedents of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University

The American line of Washington's ancestry has been easily traced back to John Washington, who, with his brother Lawrence, came to Virginia from England about 1657. The problem for genealogists has been to trace the English ancestry of these Washingtons. One of the first attempts in this direction was that made by Sir Isaac Heard in 1791. He took as the basis of his pedigree the veraldic visitations of Northamptonshire, in which the Washington family was included. Starting with the well-known fact that the first emigrants of the name to Virginia were the brothers John and Lawrence Washington, who left England for that colony about the year 1657, he found recorded in the visitation of 1618 the names of John and Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave in that country, who had died in the year 1616. The names being identical with those of the Virginia emigrants, and the period at which they lived not altogether inappropriate, Sir Isaac assumed their personal identity, and on this assumption constructed his pedigree, deducing the descent of the American President through this heraldic family of Northamptonshire from a still more ancient one of the name in Lancashire. the name in Lancashire. What Sir Isaac Heard assumed or conjec-

tured came to be subsequently confidently asserted, and the pedigree was accepted as authoritative until 1863, when doubts were thrown upon it by Isaac J. Greenwood, of New York, and others. The theory of Sir Isaac Heard was thoroughly disproved, and John, the son of Lawrence Washing-ton, of Sulgrave, was clearly shown to be Sir John Washington, of Thrapston, and Sir John Washington, of Thrapston, and Lawrence, his brother, a clergyman, whose identity with the emigrant to Virginia was thoroughly improbable. The English ancestry of George Washington was thus wholly conjectural, and the numerous conjectures which have appeared have been wholly without basis.

Mr. Waters applied himself to the task of finding out just what genealogical tree claimed the hero of the hatchet as one of its branches. He has ascertained these facts: Lawrence Washington, son of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave, was

facts: Lawrence Washington, son of Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave, was fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford; rector of Purleigh, in Essex, from 1633 to 1643, when he was ejected by order of Parliament as a malignant Royalist; that he removed to Tring, in the county of Hertford, where he died before 1655, leaving a widow, Amphillis, and children. John, born about 1633; Lawrence, baptized at Tring June 23, 1635, and William, Elizabeth, Margaret and Martha. It was his sons John and Lawrence who emigrated to Virginia about 1657. Lawrence Washington of Sulgrave and Brington was only one generation further removed from George Washington than was supposed in 1860. Instead of being the great-great-grandfather of the first President of the United States, he was the great-great-grandfather.

A New Confidence Game.

The other night, while the conclave was in progress, I discovered a mode of extracting money from the charitable which has at least the merit of novelty. I was coming down the dark side of Fourteenth street by Willard's, and as I left F street I noticed an elderly woman with a satchel in her hand, who started down the hill a few feet behind me. As she walked along she talked as if communing with herself, yet in a loud enough tone for me to hear her words. She said: "Oh, what shall I do? I shall drown myself, indeed I shall. Alone in this great city, my return ticket lost, my money gone! What can I do; oh, what can I do? To be sure, I may walk the streets to-night, but then what shall I do for eatables? Perhaps, though, I may meet some good Samaritan. Who knows? All I can do is to put my trust in God." When I reached the avenue without paying any attention to this quasi appeal she turned back toward F street, and I did the same, but on the other side of the street, being somewhat curious to ascertain being somewhat curious to ascertain whether I was right in my conjecture that this was a new begging dodge. The woman again stood at the corner of F street until another passer-by started down the hill, when she repeated her tactics, this time to some purpose, for I noticed the man stop bout half way down and, after conversing with her a few moments, give her some money. Three hours later, as I passed the same locality, the woman was still at her post, and no doubt made a good thing out of her ingenious scheme.

An Effective Temperance Pledge. Chicago Mail. A farmer living near Des Moines, Ia., went on a drunk the other day. and upon

his return to the bosom of his family received such a berating from his better half that he faithfully assured her it should never occur again. He then went up-stairs and proceeded to give her such indubitable proof that he meant what he said that her mind must be forever at rest. He took a double-barreled shotgun and deliberately blew the top off his head. For good, strong efficacions, measures in correcting a vice efficacious measures in correcting a vice this Iowa farmer certainly takes the lead.

JAVA DANCING GIRLS.

Graceful Creatures Who Disgusted One with

Paris Correspondence.

The Java dancing girls at the exhibition have put the public out of conceit with corsets, even made as they are here. After seeing their lithe figures and easy-fitting clothing, the female form, corsetted and bustled, with abruptly swelling hips and bosom, and sleeves gathered high at the shoulders, is an eyesore. "How are these damsels clothed?" you may ask. Well, as the Princess Mathilde was when she appeared en sauvagesse at a court ball, with draperies legerement attaches. "But as I was not at the ball," you may reply, "I need a detailed description of the danseuses' frocks." They're not frocks or gowns, the chief garment being a shortarmed and short-legged combination of the ginger-bread or yellow bronze tinge of the girls' faces. Solutions of continuity at the neck and upper arm are concealed with brace-lets and necklaces, dight with enamel and precious stones. The garment is a skin-fit. Above the hips it is the sole vesture, All the head-dresses are elaborate. Into one of them are brought green gauze lappets falling to the ground. They are embroidered with gold, and part of an arrangement of hair and iswalled hairning that looks likes. Paris Correspondence. with gold, and part of an arrangement of hair and jewelled hairpins that looks like a peacock's tail, set fan-wise. Another wears a jewelled bandeau round her forehead. At the back of her head the long dark hair is raised over it in a coil, and then suffered to raised over it in a coil, and then suffered to float free. The wearer is lovely—a true daughter of Buddha, with his soft reposeful physiognomy, long, full eyelids when she looks down, splendid liquid eyes when she looks up, regular features and snowy teeth. They are all good looking, admitting their Malay style of beauty. The two I have not yet described have gay, laughing faces. The trio seem innocent souls. Nothing canaille breaks out in their emotions, gestures or laughter.

Now to the rest of the dress. It is a drapery of some rich eastern cloth, many colored, but still reposeful to the eye. That of each girl differs from the other. The drapery of one was pinned in front across the hips and fringed all around. When she dances the legs from the calves down are seen. Ninevite warriors were so draped,

dances the legs from the calves down are seen. Ninevite warriors were so draped, but were not so statuesque. Sandals are fastened on with glittering strings, above which are auklets. The drapery of each of the others is fastened across at the left hip with a strong and finely-jeweled brooch. You see in profile on the same side of the leg from the knee down. Superadded to the Assyrian-like piece of drapery, but not rising higher on the body, are long flaps of silk. These are held up in the hands and gently twirled about by the wearer, and follow her gyrations as she dances. The same use is made of the green lappets already spoken of.

Now to the dances. They are the poetry of motion, and of a hieratic character. There should be an idol borne across the stage, and the girls should dance around it. The music is monotonous, but the gestures are varied, graceful, seductive, decent, with I don't know what of religious solemnity that often does not preclude a vein of joyousness. How different from the almees who were brought from Egypt in July for the dancing establishment behind the rue de Caire. Never take your boys or girls there. Anthony retired to a grotto in upper Egypt to practice saintliness. The ladies who appeared to him there must have been almees who practiced their art spoken of. have been almees who practiced their art as do the damsels at the rue de Caire.

A Modern Adam.

New York Letter. Human nature has not changed much since the days of the Garden of Eden. Today an eloping couple were stopped at Castle Garden. A reporter who was on hand asked the male member of the firm why he had left his native land and family. "Ah," replied the emigrant, "I didn't care to come, but she coaxed me to, and I did." This sounds very much like father Adam, with his pusillanimous excuse, "The woman tempted me, and I did eat."

Except the One Most Concerned.

The common sense of the country will be against the decision of the New York judges, and in the end common sense must win. Executions by electricity will sooner or later be abandoned. Hanging is good and bad enough to satisfy all concerned.

Seems to Bea Capital Offense Now in the South. St. Louis Republic (Dem.)

If things go on as they have gone during the last six months, Republicanism will be an indictable offense long before the end of

THE SINFULNESS OF WOMEN

Harriett Prescott Spofford Declares the Sinsof Women Are Humanity's Sins.

One Sin of Which Women Are More Guilty than Men-Things Which Have Driven Women to Sins of the Heart and Mind.

[Copyright, 1889.] To say that women have no sins that are not shared by men, that there are no-distinctively feminine sins, is but to declare

a platitude. Without doubt the sins of women are the sins of humanity; there are none so peculiar to themselves as to deserve mention; and they differ only from the sins of men in being of a minor degree.

Woman is the lesser man, and all her motions matched with mine Are as moonlight unto sunlight and as water

Says one of the men, in splenetic mood; but, so far as fact has anything to do with his lines, it is in reference to her sins only that she is the lesser man, since they are in general as much slighter than her brother's sins as her body is weaker and her temptations smaller.

In general, let it be said, because once in a while there comes a Fredegonde, a Brinvilliers, a Theroigne, to show us of what, under fostering circumstances, women are capable, and where, in doing nothing but what many men have already done, they appear so much worse because so much more is looked for from them. For, indeed, if their sins are generally less, their virtues are generally greater than those of the other half of humanity, and there is every

that he seems to be the very vicegerent of God and of creation.

Yet it may be said that women are so guarded from their cradles from knowledge of evil and the contamination of the worser world that anything else than purity, temperance and such positive forms of goodness becomes difficult for them, and there has to be something inherently wrong in a woman for her to go astray; while she learns in the home atmosphere the necessity of self-denial and self-repression, and all her power for love is daily strengthened there.

Were she out in the world as her brother is, she might by possibility lose much that now seems hers by right, although she might gain in breadth of view and in large nobility. It is close upon large nobility, indeed, that women find their weakest point; the narrow view hinders them from the wide, as one's hand held up before the eyes can obscure the sun; they do not look at the good of the race so much as at that

at the good of the race so much as at that of their own home; and where not them-selves, but those they love are injured, they find it all but impossible to forgive; if this is sin, all the concentrated sweetness of their being has gone to make a crust round that sin.

In fact, there is but one sin of which women are possibly more guilty than men, and for that men are more responsible than they; it is the cowardice which, where it exists—and, thank the heavenly powers, it can't be got out of bed in the morning withdoes not exist among all women-makes some women subtle, cunning, treacherous,

The capture of the strong arm in primitive times, their only recourse has been to please; their only weapons have been amiability, concession, craft. They would not have been made of flesh and blood and have have been made of flesh and blood and have been without desires and endeavors to attain the end of such desires. Their sense of justice told them they had a human right to attain these ends, and, of course, they neglected no means in their power to do so. They had abuses and punishments, too, to escape; they had children to be shielded from cruelty; they had faults to be hidden from hard masters; they availed themselves, then, of what in great commanders is called strategy, in great statesmen diplomacy, but in ethics is called deceit.

Weak in body and timid by consequence, a captive, a slave, a drudge for generations that became ages, the sentiment of the community, with all its later enlightenment, never to the present day quite relinquishing the essence of the idea of the slave in connection with her, although cherishing it perhaps unconsciously, woman has had to

perhaps unconsciously, woman has had to resort to eraft to carry her ends until she has found herself in danger of becoming sly as a matter of second nature. With this acquired predisposition of hers from the ancestral bond-slave, a man has only needed to be of a too domineering and autocratic turn in his family in order to devel-ope the objectionable quality in wife and daughter, till brutality has brought about shuffling, evasion, concealment, and dis-sembling, and tyrenny has beenfollowed by cunning, as the whale is followed by the sword-fish.

The man who will not let his wife do what The man who will not let his wife do what she wishes, and innocently might, without worrying all peace out of the house, without a storm, without abuse, without the withdrawal of his good-will, and a condign punishment of one sort or another, forces his wife, unless she is a spiritless shadow, into doing what she would, and deceiving him in relation to it very likely to the point of lying. Guilty as she herself may be, yet if his children are born liars, he has himself to thank for it.

to thank for it. The man who, able to meet expense, denies his wife righteous money for her needs, should not be surprised if the whispering serpent supplies his deficiency, and his wife debases herself and her blood enough to filch money from his pocket. If his children are born thieves, the fault is in the first instance his. If to any the statement seems shameful, and women recoil at the lie and the theft, or at the bare idea, the virtue is theirs. But it is owing to the great tyrannies of old days, the small tyrannies of modern days, that deception, and arts, and wiles have become the familiar demons of so many women who have no other faults than these and those to which

As the woman stands up more and more on equal ground with the man, as the husband acknowledges the rights of his wife, as the community comes to expect and exact it of him, there will be less and less to call this article into use; its capacity will into the course of my life that I just as soon sleep and give some o' the others a chance."

become dormant and atrophied, honesty will rise uppermost, the fearlessness of the descendant will have conquered the pusillanimity of the grandam, unfaltering truth will shine out on her forehead, and woman will have annihilated possibly the only sin that was ever hers. HARRIETT PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

PICK.

He Rose Up Under the Horse's Feet and Went Safely Through the War. Detroit Free Press.

When we of the cavalry were falling back before Lee as he was headed for Chantilly and Bull Run, a squadron of us which had been detailed to bring a wounded officer away from a house which would soon be in possesion of the advancing confederates, found ourselves shut in front and rear. We numbered about thirty men, and had a two-horse ambulance, in which the wounded man had been made as comfortable as possible. We had, indeed, advanced about a quarter of a mile before we discovered the box we were in. The confederates who had come in behind us were cavalry, and owing to a turn in the road and a bit of woods had not yet seen us.

The lieutenant in command consulted with the major whom we were bringing away and explained the situation.

"Prepare me as well as you can for the ride; give me a revolver, and then form your men by fours and ride right down on

ride; give me a revolver, and then form your men by fours and ride right down on the rebs and cut your way through," was the order of the major.

I was in the advance set of fours, and the man on my right was next to the highway ditch. All of a sudden, just as we were waiting the order to advance, a little negro boy, not over three years old, and as black as the blackest tar ever made, appeared in the ditch alongside of Parker. He seemed to have been hiding in the weeds, and I think he must have fallen out of a cart or got parted from the family as they were hurrying into the Union lines before Lee's advance. At any rate he was there and alone, and, as we saw him, Parker said:

"Good lands! but here's a nigger baby right under foot and all alone. What shall we do with him?"

At that moment we got the word to go

are generally greater than those of the other half of humanity, and there is every reason why they should be, in their nature, their education and their seclusion.

If, according to the new theory, woman is the race and man the variation, woman should be the conserver of the virtue of the race; and certainly nothing bends more strongly to this than the urgency of the duties of motherhood and the tenderness that motherhood evokes; indeed, duty and tenderness belong to all feminine human nature that is true to its law of being and its first development.

The baby does not go alone before she is nursing and loving another baby in her doll; any two little girls in the street will have their arms about each other's shoulders; the boys of a family are off at their play when the girls are at home helping their mother; the son marries when he will, the girl as frequently lets love go by because the old parents need her; and she is not praised for any of it; no one expects it to be otherwise; duty, kindness, love and sacrifice are recognized to be parts of her personality, and she would not be herself if she did differently.

And when motherhood is called in question does not every child know to what the mother is equal save in those exceptional cases where she chances to be what gardeners call a freak? It is not, perhaps, her virtue of the tory of the dorn the would die for him; it is her nature; and it only shows how near her nature; and it only shows how near her nature; and it only shows how near her nature; and it only shows how hear her nature; and it only shows how near her nature; and it only shows how hear her nature; and it only shows how near her nature; and it onl At that moment we got the word to go ahead, and Parker leaned over, picked the

ders; the boys of a family are off at their play when the girls are at home helping their mother; the son marries when he will, the girl as frequently lets love go by because the old parents need her; and she is not praised for any of it; no one expects it to be otherwise; duty, kindness, love and sacrifice are recognized to be parts of her personality, and she would not be herself if she did differently.

And when motherhood is called in question does not every child know to what the mother is equal save in those exceptional cases where she chances to be what gardeness call a freak? It is not, perhaps, her virtue that she lives in her child, that she would die for him; it is her nature; and it only shows how near her nature is to virtue—so near that in view of it it its strange that when we think of the creative and sustaining force of the universe it is our habit to say father and not mother.

Not that recognition of the strength, and care, and generosity of the father is at all impaired by rendering themother hermeed; it does not follow that one is not good because another is better; and he himself is the first to acknowledge it on occasion. It is in approaching these virtues, and in carrying them to a point beyond the customary feminine experience, that men are often finest; as in the missionary priest who for list faith, and in the physician who equally forgets himself, encountering the loathliest disease, giving treless days and sleepless nights to the suffering, and who brings help and healing with him in such wise that he seems to be the very vicegerent of God and of creation.

Yet, it may be said that women are so

THE LIME KILN CLUB.

Tests of the Elixir of Life on Judge Uncon fortable Jackson and Others. Detroit Free Press.

As the meeting opened in due form Brother Gardner called for the report of the chairman of the committee on medical science, and that individual reported as follows on further tests of the Brown-Sequard clinic of life.

6. The sixth test was made on Judge Uncomfortable Jackson, and of his own free will. This brother was not named until he was fifteen years old, and the name is a very appropriate one. He was never comfortable a moment in his life, and his demeanor gave outsiders the idea that he had picked up a carpet-tack as he sat down. Four ounces of elixir taken from a squint-eyed lamb was injected into hi right arm, and he was sent out to walk around for half an hour. When he returned all the wrinkles had disappeared from hi brow, he had a grin of contentment on his face and he wanted to sit down on two chairs and stay there all day. The Judge has only had one dose, but there seems to be no danger of a return to his old ways. His wife says he is so meek and lazy that she is at a loss how to handle him, and that he out throwing cold water on him.

7. Prof. Sundown Smith was one of the first to apply for the clixir, but the commit-tee held off on him owing to his physique. He is nearly seven feet tall and weighs only ninety-two pounds, and they were afraid he hadn't the constitution to stand it. He he hadn't the constitution to stand it. He made a formal demand, however, and was given a six-ounce dose of the elixir in the left leg. He went away to buy a wash-board and send home, and since that time has not been seen by any of his friends. It is supposed that the liquid, which was taken from a motherless lamb, produced melancholy in the feelings of the Professor and drove him to suicide. Search and inquiry have been made in every direction, but he cannot be found. but he cannot be found.

but he cannot be found.

8. The eighth victim was Rear Admiral Sarsaparilla Tompkins, one of the oldest members in years the club has on its rolls. He is seventy-two years old, walks with two canes, and only attends the meetings monthly, and then comes down in a one-horse wagon. Of late years the only part he has taken in the proceedings has been to move that any matter advanced by Shindig Watkins be laid on the table. It was thought safe to experiment a little on the old man, and his death would be no great loss anyhow, and the liquid was taken from a Berkshire hog weighing about 250 pounds. The old man was on hand, and very anxious, and he was given ten ounces and loaded into his wagon. He drove off slowly and without excitement, but when only two squares away he licked the old horse into a run and began shouting at the top of his voice. Nothing could be done with him at home. He thrashed his wife and children, cleaned out a grocery and threw a policefinan over a fence. He declared himself the boss of the town, and to show his strength and agility he jumped eleven feet and lifted a barrel of pork. He went to bed feeling like a man of twenty, but the illusion was temporary. Some time after midnight the old man got up, went out to the woodshed and there hung himself by the neck with a dog chain.

"I was at fust led to believe dat de elixir would fill a long-felt want," said Brother Gardner as the report closed, "but I hev now made up my mind dat it is too onsartin to fool wid. While dere kin be no sorter queshun dat it has greatly benefited some of our members, it has acted jist de con-

to fool wid. While dere kin be no sorter queshun dat it has greatly benefited some of our members, it has acted jist de contrary wid odders. It seems dat we can't depend on how it will act, thus makin' all experiments dangerous, an' I darfore reckon we'd best let de hull thing drap. In co'se it would be wery nice if we could part wid dese wrinkles an' bent backs, an' hev youth return again, but I doan believe dey's hit de right thing yet. De committee will be discharged an' de experiments discontinual.

What Max O'Rell Would Want.

I have been a man a good many years—more years than I care to tell—and I have come to the conclusion that, if I were a woman, I should consider few men, if any.

Worthy of me.

If I were a woman, I should expect a triumphal arch erected over each door through which I was about to pass, and each floor strewn with flowers upon which I was about to tread.

Was No Monopolist, Hartford Post.

THE OPINIONS OF NINE MEN

What They Would Do if They Were Women and Privileged to Wear Pettico

Letters from Burdette, Edgar Saltus, Dr. Talmage, Chauncey Depew, Will Carleton, Joaquin Miller and Other Famous Men.

[Copyright, 1889.]

As in our issue of last Sunday some ten of our famous women told what they would do if they were men, we now give the men a chance to reverse the discussion and tell what they would do if they were of the fair sex. We believe that the subjoined contributions will be read as eagerly and create as striking an impression as those printed last week from the pens of the ladies.

From Merry "Bob" Burdette.

What would I do if I were a woman? I wouldn't try to be a man. Cut that out and paste it on your looking-glass, daughter, and it will be an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck many times a day.

I wouldn't shudder and groan every time the name of the Monster was mentioned, but I would studiously avoid acquiring the lightest of his many accomplishments and the best of his manifold ways.

I would never learn to lay a fire, in range or fireplace. Every time I touched a fire, summer or winter, I would put it dead out. Then I'd never be expected to make one.

The first loaf of bread I baked I would let drop on the dog and kill him. Then I'd never be asked to bake bread again, and I'd get a new dog.

When I descended into the laundry, I would manage to bring out all the fancy flannels white as ghosts, and all the white

fiannels white as ghosts, and all the white shirts as blue as the skies of June. Then I'd never be asked to assist at the wash-

I'd never be asked to assist at the washtub again.

I would pinch every baby that was given me to hold black and blue in half a dozen places before it could catch its breath enough to shriek, and I would frighten the life or tease the temper out of anybody's children whom I was asked to amuse. Then I'd never be troubled with other people's young ones, and nobody would ever ask me teach the infant class while the tired teacher took a vacation.

If I had to sit on the front seat when asked to drive, I would carry a large sun umbrella, and gouge the driver's eyes out and run the team into a fence corner the first mile out. Then I'd get the back seat on the shady side every time ever afterward.

I would always sit sideways in a street car. Then I would have plenty of room.

I would wear a carriage dress in the street car if I had no other place in which to show it off.

I would smash something choice and ex-pensive every time I swept a room or dusted a parlor. Then I'd never be asked to do In church I would never rise during the singing, and never kneel during prayers. Then people would notice me, and say, "Who is that pretty girl with such lovely

At the theater I would wear the biggest hat obtainable.

At cricket and lawn tennis matches I would sit in the front row and raise my

I would cultivate such charming helplessness, such hopeless innocence, such
pretty, childish ignorance, such fascinating
dependence, such dainty baby ways that
people would say, "Oh, we must take care
of her; she doesn't understand these
things." Then all my life long I
would be petted, and coddled, and fondled,
and cared for in a thousand ways, where
more independent women would have to
"hustle" for themselves.

That is, daughter, if other women would
care for such a sweet little bit of helplessress. May be they would. You know better than I do how women regard that sort
of a woman.

But you can gamble your peace of mind, your love of ease and all your enjoyments of life that the Monster Man wouldn't torment the solitude of such a woman with his presence longer than a day or two, and she would thus be spared one of the greatest annoyances to which mankind is subjected. ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

What Dr. Talmage Would Do. If I were a woman, I would stay a woman. If there is anything despicable to my mind it is an effeminate man or a masculine

Just in proportion as woman does her work in the sphere that God has appointed for her, she will be happy and attractive.

There is a great multitude of men now who, by their manners, assume a sort of womanhood. They want to be soft; they go simpering through the world, and they are far from being of interest to anybody. A man should be a man; a woman a woman, and nothing else.

There is no reason why there should be

any distinction as to where the line should be that divides man's appropriate field and woman's particular sphere. Every man knows when he is engaged in his right occupation, and so does every woman, and when they attempt otherwise they become offensive to all sensible men and all sensible women.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Wise Words from Mr. Depew.

I went once to a lecture wherein one of the most eminent physiologists in the world argued that women were not only weaker physically, but that they were not so strong and vigorous in mind as men. My own experience with the two women (my mother and my wife) with whom I have succeeded in keeping up to to date, has been directly the opposite of this proposition. The processes may not be the same, but the results are identical.

Europeans claim that our fashionable girls are not educated. They acknowledge they are pretty, alert, witty and audacious, but claim they are not serious. They are accused of knowing comparatively nothing of literature, science, politics, history or art. So Europeans say—and, for that reason, if I were a girl of wealthy parents, I would postpone the ball and the german, and get education first of all.

If all women of fashion were educated in proper justitutions no interference need re-

proper institutions no interference need result with social pleasures. Such education, where needed, would add enormously to the future of woman's position in the family and before the public.

If I were a woman, no matter what was my condition in life, or what sacrifice it would be necessary to make, I would strain every nerve, first and last, to acquire an education. The area of self-support to a woman enlarges in proportion to the educa-

And, further, were I a woman I would let no ambitious consideration compel a marriage without love. If the man was firm of character, capable and energetic, I would defy all opposition and take my chances with him. From my own observation and experience I do not think it is difficult for a woman—unless she is obtrusive and of-fensive—to sit upon the box of the domes-tic carriage, hold the reins and direct the course of the coach about as she pleases. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.

What Max O'Rell Would Want.

I was about to tread.

This is what I would do. And if the men were to expect me to return any gratitude to them for it-why, that's just what I would not do.

MAX O'RELL. The Author of "Helen's Babies." If I were a woman:

I would intrust my appearance more to Dame Nature than to the dressmaker, for I